THE NATION

1865 Centennial Year 1965

August 30, 1965 . . 35c

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REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE

HOW TO TELL WHEN THE REBELS HAVE WON

Eqbal Ahmad

CONFRONTATION IN CHICAGO

Mayor Daley Meets the Movement

Lois Wille

WATTS: L.A.'s Forgotten Slum

Carey McWilliams

Theodore Dreiser:

Leo Marx

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LETTERS

Springs of violence

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The researches John Paul Scott cites in "Anatomy of Violence" [*The Nation*, June 21] do not disprove the thesis he is trying to disprove: that man's violent behavior springs from man's "animal nature." Nor do they disprove that violence is natural in animals. They show, at best, only that an animal or human raised in an "organized society" (i.e., a society characterized by dominance-subordination and territoriality relationships) (usually) behaves nonviolently. But this consequence is compatible with the view that such a society merely represses or else does away with the infant's natural instincts for violence — the view Mr. Scott opposes. . . . *William Crossman*

Bar Harbor, Me.

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Crossman's letter, I might point out that all evidence from studies of the physiology of aggression, whether in man or other mammals, indicates that stimulation to fight is initiated from external sources. There is an internal mechanism which can be triggered by outside stimulation, but there is no spontaneously arising internal stimulation independent of external events. In any practical situation it is, of course, impossible to avoid all external stimulation for fighting, and therefore it is necessary to have some form of social control. In many cases the practical remedies may be very little different from those which are indicated by the traditional view that there is an instinctive need for fighting which has to be satisfied. There is, however, an important theoretical difference. These modern discoveries indicate that it is possible in an ideal environment to completely eliminate fighting and feelings of hostility, and that this can be done without doing serious psychological damage or producing unhappiness. Under the older view such a result would be impossible. . . . *John Paul Scott*

To meet a challenge

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The Berkeley defendants are in serious trouble. The judge, in his attempt to demoralize us and to dissuade us from appealing his decision, has set our bail at $440,000. We must meet this challenge. Between now and Sept. 1, at least 10 per cent must be raised to cover the bondsman's nonrefundable premium. Some students are already in jail, and if we cannot raise at least the $44,000, then most of the remaining 760 defendants will be jailed until the money can be raised. This exorbitant price is being charged us simply for the right to appeal. And if the appeal fails, we will be faced with the problem of raising $200,000 for our fines. . . .

We went into Sproul Hall as a group; we are now being differentiated on the basis of our ability to pay. The admission price to Sproul Hall was not money but conscience, and we must not allow those who cannot pay to be jailed for their commitment.

This country does not yet have laws forbidding political protest. But it is more pernicious to make political protest impossible by taxing it so heavily through fine and excessive bail that those who would protest dare not. The right of political protest must not become a luxury which few can afford. Donations may be addressed to FSM Defense Fund, Box 448, Berkeley, Calif. *Susan Stein*

Diplomatic pun

Amherst, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In connection with your article, "Latin America: Alliance for Reaction" by Edmundo Flores [*The Nation*, June 21] it ought to be pointed out that whoever the robot was who officially translated "Alliance for Progress" into Spanish as "La Alianza para el Progreso," certainly missed the pun: the Spanish word "para," in that specific position and context, equally means "for" and "stops." . . .

More significant, perhaps, the whole phrase "La Alianza para el Progreso," because of its awkward construction, sounds like translated English to any sensitive Spanish ear.

José Brain y Suárez

Conference at Rutgers

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Last spring a group of historians at Rutgers University issued a call for the convening of the first of a series of Socialist Scholars Conferences. The intention was to provide an opportunity for the discussion of scholarly matters of interest and importance to Socialists. Response was gratifying, and preliminary arrangements for the first of these conferences has been made for Sept. 11 and 12. Rutgers University has graciously made available to us facilities on its New Brunswick campus for the two-day conference. We have been honored by the acceptances of invitations to Isaac Deutscher and Conor Cruise O'Brien to address our meetings. . . .

In planning this program we have intended to bring together from many disciplines intellectuals who share a broadly Socialist perspective. No one's ideological credentials will be scrutinized; whoever will feel at home or be interested is welcome. But no partisan purposes will be entertained at the Socialist Scholars Conferences, nor will partisan polemics be welcomed at the meeting sessions.

General information about the conference may be obtained by writing to Prof. Eugene D. Genovese, Department of History, Rutgers—The State University, New Brunswick, N. J., or to me, Department of History and Economics, Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 333 Jay Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201. *Marvin E. Gettleman*

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The Nation, Aug. 30, 1965. Vol. 201, No. 5

The Nation is published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1965 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

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Watts: The Forgotten Slum

Thirty-one dead, over 700 injured, 2,200 under arrest, 1,000 fires, property damage of $200 million—such is the preliminary toll for the long weekend of rioting in the Watts area of Los Angeles. A feverish search for scapegoats is now under way and will no doubt continue through the 1966 gubernatorial campaign. High on the scapegoat list is the self-righteous Chief of Police who dismisses as a "canard" the charge that the Los Angeles police could ever be guilty of brutality; apparently Chief Parker doesn't watch television. Then there is Sam Yorty, the agile Mayor, playing political tricks as always; warned of the possibility of riots, he did nothing. The list is long and includes The Heat—a favorite scapegoat in all race-riot investigations—and Social Conditions. Here Watts qualifies on all counts: dropouts, delinquency, disease and dependency. But none of these social factors alone or in combination necessarily "cause" race riots; actually it is when conditions seem to be improving that the riots usually explode. Predictably the forthcoming investigation ordered by Governor Brown will stress the same tiresome clichés: police brutality, inadequate leadership, The Heat, slum conditions. All the while the truth about Watts is right there in front of people, in plain boldface type, for all to read; so simple that it is incredible. The hatred and violence of race riots is triggered by contempt, and of all forms of contempt the most intolerable is nonrecognition, the general unawareness that a minority is festering in squalor. Until the riots began, Watts had simply been forgotten by the encompassing "white" community.

A sizable Negro community began to develop in Mud Town, as Watts was then called, after 1916; the community later spread along Central Avenue with the influx of Negro migrants from the South which came after World War I. In the 1920s, Watts was a well-known slum—the unfailing butt of bad jokes by comedians on the Orpheum circuit. But it did exist; people knew about it. Arna Bontemps wrote a novel about it (*God Sends Sunday*, 1931), while Gilmore Millen wrote a novel about the rise of Central Avenue (*Sweet Man*, 1932). For the new residents of the 1920s and 1930s, Watts was a fact: perceived, studied (a bit) and understood (to some extent). But the big post-World War II migration and boom changed all that.

Today there are thousands of new residents who have never seen Watts. They may have driven through it or over it or around it but never to it, nor have they ever stopped there except to change a tire. Artfully isolated from the disagreeable, the *haute* bourgeoisie of Brentwood, Bel-Air and Beverly Hills can shop, lunch and play games for years on end without seeing a Negro except as a domestic. The new middle class, living in jerry-built "lily white" subdivisions, each with its own shopping center, can honestly claim to be no more aware of Watts than the nice Germans were of Belsen. For the highly paid technicians at the Jet Propulsion Lab, Watts might well be an unnamed crater on the moon. If the culture-conscious upper middle class, currently preoccupied with new music and art centers, has heard of Watts at all it is probably as the site of the three bizarre and oddly beautiful Watts Towers. This universal unawareness of the squalor and misery that is Watts has fostered the illusion not merely that Los Angeles is without a serious "race problem" but that it is a much better city, in this respect, than Chicago (see p. 92) or New York which, for a time, was true. Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy found that Negro migrants had made a better adjustment in Los Angeles than in any other American city, a circumstance they explained by suggesting that the Japanese- and Mexican-Americans had drawn off much of the racial hostility which otherwise would have been concentrated against Negroes (*They Seek A City*, p. 205), but this has long ceased to be the case.

For a time, Negroes flocked into Los Angeles in the post-1945 period at the rate of 2,000 a month, most of them looking for but not finding defense jobs; more recently, the rate dropped to about 1,000 a month. Watts is the ghetto of the migrants; 98 per cent Negro, it has the highest population density in the country. "Ever since World War II," the *San Francisco Chronicle* notes, "Watts has been a little like a pressure cooker." Of course there is a lack of local leadership; most of the residents are migrants. Following the Los Angeles pattern, middle-class Negroes left Watts years ago and today have little direct contact with it. Moreover, by ignoring the existing middle-class Negro leadership, the larger community has undercut whatever influence this leadership might have exerted among Watts residents.

Two brief camera shots suggest the reality of Watts. In one a large, calm-voiced Negro patiently explained to Governor Brown that the larger community was "always taking from Watts and not putting back"; why, he wanted to know, "do they do us like they do?" In another shot, a Negro told the Governor that the Negroes of Watts "know how other people live"; they watch television. They know, he said, how much the government is spending on "missiles and things like that." They could hardly *not* know, living in Southern California. Only last fall, shortly before the election, President Johnson reminded the Californians that the government pours more than $2 billion annually into the payrolls of the state's aerospace industries, most of it in Southern California. For a time the general boom provided a measure of upward mobility even for Negro residents and thereby stimulated still further Negro migration. But for the last year or so, new Negro migrants have found themselves increasingly bottled up in Watts with little immediate prospect of escape,

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while being bombarded day and night with images of affluence, and constantly tempted by the well-stocked shelves of the supermarkets. Even so, matters might have gone along as before, given a measure of insight and recognition and understanding. Neglect can be tolerated; discrimination can be endured; but the contempt of indifference inflames.

Now, at last, Watts has recovered its social identity. Those who say that the riots have set the civil rights movement back—that they have left permanent scars, etc.—simply do not know the history of big-city race riots. The sad fact is that most race riots have brought some relief and improvement in race relations and the Los Angeles riots will not be an exception. The seeming indifference of the larger community is structural. Los Angeles is the city of sprawl. To sprawl is to relax and feel comfortable. For most residents, Los Angeles is a comfortable city, psychologically as well as physically, because the unpleasant can be kept in its place—at a safe distance from most of the people. By accident more than design, Los Angeles has been organized to further the general tendency toward social indifference. The freeways have been carefully designed to skim over and skirt around such eyesores as Watts and portions of East Los Angeles; even the downtown section, a portion of which has become a shopping area for minorities, has been partially bypassed. Now that the community knows once again that Watts exists, it will begin to pay some attention to its problems. Nothing could be more fatuous, therefore, than the suggestion advanced, most surprisingly by Max Lerner among others, that the Los Angeles riots were "without a cause." Hatred never exists in a vacuum, and violence of this sort is never without a cause.

If Watts lives in history it will be as the scene of the riots and the home of the Towers. The three Watts Towers, which have drawn the praise of distinguished art critics, were built by Simon Rodia alone, unaided, at his own expense, over a period of thirty-three years. He built the towers out of "waste" which he had collected: broken tiles, dishes, bottles, over 70,000 sea shells, bottle caps and whatnot. The walled garden from which the towers rise is covered with multicolored mosaics or with imprints of tools, hands, corncobs and baskets. Out of this "waste" he built three structures of great beauty. He built them with no drawing-board designs, machine equipment or scaffolding: they were literally "built in the air." Rodia was born in Rome and came to this country when he was 12. A tile setter and telephone repairman, he settled in Watts and devoted most of his life to building the towers which, when completed in 1954, he gave to the city and his neighbors. "I wanted to do something for the United States," he said, "because there are nice people in this country." Whatever his reasons, the towers—and the towers alone—redeem to some extent the ugliness and hatefulness of Watts, the slum Los Angeles forgot. In 1959 Rodia left Watts, not to return; a man of his quaint old-world social attitudes obviously did not belong in jet-age Los Angeles. He was reluctant to say why. "If your mother dies and you have loved her very much," he said, "maybe you don't speak of her." On July 21 he died in Martinez—in Northern California—at the age of 90. It is fitting that he died away from Watts and before the riots.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Cat out of the Bag

In a *Meet the Press* program on May 23 (see "Negotiate or Discuss," *The Nation*, June 7, p. 601), Henry Cabot Lodge made it quite clear that the Administration was willing to "discuss," but not necessarily "negotiate," with the North Vietnamese. Pressed for clarification, he added a further limitation: we would not really be willing to negotiate until a viable regime had firmly established its authority in South Vietnam. The effect of this diplomatic hedging was to make an end of the war even more remote than it had been before. This postponement has now been repeated, with Mr. Lodge once more the spokesman. On July 27, at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on his confirmation, Mr. Lodge was quoted as saying that we would insist on keeping forces in South Vietnam even if a South Vietnamese government requested their withdrawal. This candid reply occasioned the predictable flap, since it contradicted the most sacred premise of our presence in Vietnam—that we were there at the request of the South Vietnamese people, to defend them against the aggression of the North Vietnamese, supported by the Chinese Reds. The President himself had to get into the resulting wrangle over what Mr. Lodge had said. Mr. Lodge and he were agreed, the President said, on the underlying principle "that in Vietnam we are there to help the people and their government to help themselves. . . . The United States would never undertake the sacrifice these efforts require if its help were not wanted and requested."

Mr. Lodge concurred but he did not enlarge on what he had actually said, leaving the suspicion that it had been something tantamount to what had been reported. The Washington *Evening Star*, which had printed the alleged remark, did not back down. "Competent authority," it said, "confirmed its authenticity to the *Star*." Then another "high official" sought to clear matters up. What Mr. Lodge almost certainly had in mind, he told Robert B. Semple of *The New York Times* (August 13) was that the United States would not withdraw if asked to do so by a "left-wing or even neutralist government that, in the United States view, did not reflect the true feelings of the South Vietnamese people or military leaders."

That is clarification of a sort, and it makes nonsense out of the pretense of American altruism and solicitude for the people of Vietnam. What other than a left-wing or neutralist government would request American withdrawal? Who but the United States will decide what are the "true feelings" of the South Vietnamese people? When will South Vietnamese military leaders not be willing and eager to interpret the "true

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feelings" of the Vietnamese people to American military and political leaders?

One would have to search long in the annals of American diplomacy to find more devious excuses for a war than those we are now being offered to cover up our aims in Asia. The Administration feels it cannot say that we are in South Vietnam to contain the expansion of Chinese power, as Charles J. V. Murphy explains candidly in the August *Fortune*. That admission on the part of the Administration would give rise to an embarrassing question: by what right do we involve South Vietnamese civilians in what is essentially a power struggle with our real adversary? The truth, as Albert J. Guerard wrote in a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is that we are in "(a) a war to contain communism; (b) a war to prevent any shrinkage of American power; (c) a war to prove, again, that might makes right." Mr. Lodge and his apologists have said as much, but served it up under a thick layer of obfuscation and hypocrisy.

Wrong-Way Johnson

As things are going, the President is in a fair way to acquire the appellation of a famous aviator who flew solo across the Atlantic on a clearance to fly west from New York. According to journalistic gossip, some of which apparently leaked from Presidential conferences with members of Congress, the President is now really anxious to find a way out of the trap into which he walked when he began expanding the war in Vietnam far beyond anything contemplated by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. (President Eisenhower has since politely disavowed the intentions President Johnson ascribed to him on the basis of a 1954 letter from Eisenhower to Ngo Dinh Diem.) The scuttlebutt now circulating has Mr. Johnson saying, in effect, that the war hawks must deliver the goods by February, 1966, or else. That date is supposed to inaugurate the 1966 Congressional campaign, and Mr. Johnson is probably aware that in another six months the war will either have been won or it will have become exceedingly unpopular, not only abroad but among American voters.

With American air power thrown fully into the scales, a partial suppression of Vietcong activity is not to be ruled out. It might be sufficient to be represented as a victory, at least for the time being. But suppose the stalemate continues or, worse, that the North Vietnamese and the Chinese Reds keep pace with our escalations so effectively that they seem to be getting the better of it? An inkling of what will then develop is contained in the rhetorical question of Chairman L. Mendel Rivers of the House Armed Services Committee: "Should we use our atomic power to wipe out Red China's atomic capability?" To which Mr. Rivers' predictable answer was: "We must get ready to do this very thing if we want to stop Red China. I will insist on victory in Vietnam. Anything short of that would be treasonable."

It is harder for Mr. Johnson to find a way out of his dilemma now than it was six months ago. It will be harder six months hence. In Mr. Rivers' declaration, containing the most potent political accusation in the American vocabulary, Mr. Johnson may read the handwriting on the wall.

Water—Too Little and Too Much

It is ironic that old-fashioned water wars of the kind the West has lived with for the last century and a half should now be breaking out in the effete and sophisticated East. Just when the Western states have achieved a degree of amity in sharing water—and even Arizona and California are no longer threatening to call up the troops along the Colorado River—Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York are eyeing one another belligerently over the waters of the Delaware basin. And this absurd, yet deadly serious, situation is developing under three relatively enlightened governors—Rockefeller of New York, Hughes of New Jersey, and Scranton of Pennsylvania, with Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall announcing that the New York metropolitan area, with its 20 million inhabitants, is "walking on the edge of disaster."

The basic reason for all this anxiety and interstate hostility is lack of foresight—and laissez faire, based on the notion that private advantage and the public welfare are one and the same. In New York City the policy has been to get the best water available, which came from relatively small streams like the Croton River, the Esopus and Schoharie in the Catskills, and the upper reaches of the Delaware. This passion for pure upland water was momentarily compromised in a previous drought by the construction of a pumping station on the Hudson below Poughkeepsie, but when that emergency passed the equipment was dismantled and the building razed. Yet there was some basis for this decision—it was only 75 per cent folly. The Hudson is little better than an open sewer for communities and industry. The cheapest way to get rid of waste is to pour it into the nearest stream, and that is what rugged individualists do, whether the stream is the Hudson or the Rhine. Nevertheless, with treatment the water would be potable, and the record shows how shortsighted the engineers and politicians have been.

The same myopic attitude is exhibited when the trouble is an excess of water. During the disastrous spring floods on the Mississippi, an official of the United Auto Workers, Robert Johnston of Chicago, revived the idea of a National Water Resources Commission. He wondered why the Tennessee Valley Authority had not been duplicated in the other great river basins of the nation. Flood-control installations have been made elsewhere, but the full integration of flood control, power generation, navigation and recreation in TVA remains an isolated case. The privately owned power companies are hostile to such ventures; the more successful they are, the more they are likely to be branded as "socialism." Why doesn't the Great Society, admittedly modeled on the New Deal, seek to duplicate, in half a dozen river valleys, the New Deal's greatest social achievement, which was TVA?

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Confrontation in Chicago

Mayor Daley Meets the Movement . . Lois Wille

Chicago

Little girls in Chicago's old and proud Bridgeport neighborhood had a new jump-rope chant last week, and you could hear it all afternoon, over and over, in the playground behind their red brick grammar school:

I'd like to be an Alabama trooper,
That's what I would truly like to be,
'Cause if I were an Alabama trooper,
I could kill the niggers legally.

Four blocks from their playground is the modest, bungalow-style home of Chicago's Mayor Richard J. Daley, the Venetian blinds in its bay window tightly shut against the hot afternoon sun. At night, the blinds remain shut—but against something far more disturbing to the Mayor than summer sunshine.

About 100 civil demonstrators file silently into the neighborhood around 10 P.M., and an eerie pantomime begins. Hundreds of Bridgeport residents, the sons and daughters of Lithuanian, Polish, Italian and Irish immigrants, gather on their front porches and lawns to stare at the marchers. No one jeers or hoots. No one says a word. They just stare, as if under command not to utter a sound—as, indeed, they are. Precinct workers from the 11th Ward Democratic organization circulate among them, shushing any talkers.

The marchers—ministers, social workers, college students and relief recipients, half of them Negro and half white—slowly walk around the Mayor's block, equally silent. Their cadres, dressed in denim jackets and wide-brimmed straw plantation hats, move up and down the lines whispering commands: "No talking, two-by-two, stay on the sidewalk, men on the outside." Even the Bridgeport babies sitting on their mothers' laps on the front steps of the bungalows are quiet.

The one overwhelming impression you get is this: Here are two teams of superbly disciplined, fiercely determined combatants. Neither is going to yield—ever.

Lois Wille is a Pulitzer Prize-winning Chicago Daily News *reporter who specializes in welfare issues, mental health and civil liberties.*

It's like the early black-white confrontations in the South—and that's precisely the point of this dramatic shift in Chicago civil rights demonstrations. By moving the battleground to the Mayor's sidewalk, the marchers hope to mold the city's sporadic and somewhat aimless protests into the first genuine civil rights movement in any Northern city.

"The shock of Negroes walking into Bridgeport must be compared to the shock of the first Southern demonstrations when Negroes walked downtown en masse," says one member of the Chicago civil rights' brain trust. "It's a whole new concept for the North. . . ."

The "new concept" is based on several radical moves that have appalled some of the rights' supporters, including influential clergymen who marched in Selma, Ala. (and newspaper editorial writers who endorsed the Selma marches):

▪Mayor Daley has become the chief target of the demonstrations. To a powerful Democratic chief who prides himself on running a progressive city, this has been most distressing.

▪Last month the Coordinating Council of Community Organizations (CCCO), Chicago's civil rights amalgamation, asked U. S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel to withhold federal funds from Chicago's schools, charging *de jure* segregation and violation of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. This would mean a loss of more than $16 million a year in badly needed federal assistance. Keppel is still studying the complaint, and has not yet said whether he will send an investigating team to the city. The core of the complaint is that Chicago schools are "separate but unequal," willfully segregated, with Negro schools inferior to those of the whites. As proof, the CCCO cites these figures compiled by the United States Civil Rights Commission, the Urban League of Chicago, and a team of educators headed by University of Chicago sociologist Phillip M. Hauser: Segregation in Chicago schools is increasing. In 1963, 81.6 per cent of all grade schools were virtually all white or all Negro. By 1965, the percentage rose to 82.3. The percentage of high schools that were almost all one race rose from 73.2 to 74.4.

▪School Superintendent Benjamin C. Willis blames neighborhood segregation, but civil rights groups say Willis has further contained Negroes through such devices as trailer classrooms attached to all-Negro schools and "branch" high schools in all-Negro grade schools.

▪The Hauser committee reported that white grade schools average 29.7 children per class, but the Negro classroom average is 34.4. It also said that Negro schools have fewer libraries, social-adjustment classes and auditoriums.

▪The U. S. Civil Rights Commission reported that 12 per cent of the teachers in the average white school are noncertified—for one reason or another, they hadn't passed the school system's qualifying examinations for teachers. In the average Negro school, a whopping 27 per cent of teachers are uncertified.

In the past four years, Chicago civil rights groups succeeded in making the tough and intractable Willis a symbol of inferior, segregated education. Their cry of "Willis Must Go" was picked up by an imposing number of religious groups and social-welfare organizations. And in May it seemed they were finally getting what they wanted.

At an "unofficial meeting" (meaning its actions were not binding) seven of the eleven Board of Education members voted not to renew Willis' contract, which expires August 31. Ten days later the board met again for its official vote, and the outcome stunned the anti-Willis group: three members who had voted "no" changed their minds, and Willis was retained. As a compromise, the board extracted from him a verbal promise to retire on his 65th birthday in December, 1966.

Civil rights groups were enraged. "We felt the slap in the face we got with the reappointment of Willis came directly from the Mayor," says Albert Raby, a thin, intense Negro schoolteacher who heads the CCCO.

The three who changed their minds had all been appointed to the school board by Daley within

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the past two years, and are considered close to him. One is an old family friend. All three insist they switched only after Willis agreed to be more cooperative and to retire next year. But civil rights groups are convinced the three changed their votes because Daley told them to, and Daley told them to because he feared a white backlash.

Daley now became the target. Every afternoon Raby and about 100 of his followers, including nuns, clergymen, teachers and school children, marched around City Hall with their anti-Willis, anti-Daley signs. To the city's white Republicans, this was pretty funny: Daley being turned on by the black masses that for years have produced solid Democratic votes. But to many of Chicago's million Negroes, it was frightening. To understand why, one has to know something of the grip the Democratic organization has on people in the Negro ghettos.

"It's like a plantation down here," says Mrs. Bernard Williams, a Negro mother and PTA leader. "If you step out of line at all, or do anything that might embarrass the alderman, you'd have so many building violations on your house you'd have to sell.

"During elections, Dawson [Rep. William Dawson, long-time political boss of South Side Negroes] floods this area with literature that says, 'I'm responsible for your getting public aid,' or 'I'm responsible for your old-age pension,' or 'I'm responsible for your housing-project flat.' He's not, of course, and he can't take them away from us. But how many know that? Who wants to take a chance?"

The prospect of stirring up the wrath of this monolithic machine —probably the last of its kind in the nation, but still healthy and strong—has kept many Negroes from participating in the City Hall marches.

"If they have relatives with patronage jobs, or are vulnerable in any way to housing inspectors or health inspectors, they won't turn out," says one Negro minister from Lawndale, Chicago's sprawling West Side slum. "I'm not saying the fear is justified—but it's there."

If the Negroes are nervous, so is the Mayor. For years the only thing that made him mad—red-faced, sputtering mad — was some well-publicized slurs at Chicago, particularly those recalling Al Capone. There is no doubt that the Mayor loves the city, and truly wants it to be beautiful, prosperous and contented. All this nation-wide publicity about marches on City Hall has troubled him as much as the Capone jibes. "He has vacillated in recent days between anger, incredulity and tearfulness," says the Rev. Stephen C. Rose, editor of *Renewal*, a magazine published by the Chicago City Missionary Society.

At one press conference, the Mayor hinted that the marchers were part of a Republican plot. At another, a reporter asked if the marchers were Communist-inspired. The old Daley would have brushed this aside with one of his non-comments, such as: "You gentlemen better ask them that." But this time the Mayor replied: "Many of the people who are marching are Communist. That's been printed. And the Police Department files show this is true."

The reaction was violent. "Disgusting," said Raby. A group of Catholic priests issued a statement expressing their "regret that the Mayor has insulted the intelligence and character of many people, including priests, ministers and nuns who have been participating in the current demonstrations." And Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP dashed off a telegram to Daley urging him to withdraw his charge "or to produce solid evidence of its truth."

The evidence Daley produced was a story in Chicago's *American*, a newspaper that frequently says there are Communists in the civil rights movement. And the evidence in the newspaper story was that several demonstrators were "identified" as Communists or Communist sympathizers by the Chicago Police Department's "red squad."

This is the way you get identified by the "red squad": police photographers take pictures of civil rights demonstrators, peace marchers, pickets at House Un-American Activities Committee hearings, and the audiences at meetings sponsored by groups suspected of being very left wing. Recently the police photographers have also been snapping pictures of spectators at Board of Education meetings. "I walked into the room one afternoon and suddenly this camera was pointed at me," says one bemused University of Chicago economics professor who happened to be interested in a high school addition the board was considering. "Is that constitutional?" If your picture pops up often enough, you get in the "red squad" file of left wingers.

A few weeks ago Daley attended a mayors' conference in Detroit, and some of his pickets followed. Rather than confront them, he spent his days scurrying in and out of side doors in Detroit's Cobo Hall,

Mayor Daley's Home in Bridgeport

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up and down back escalators, going far out of his way to get to his hotel across the street. He was in Detroit when Dr. Martin Luther King led 10,000 Negroes and whites down Chicago's State Street in a massive protest march to City Hall, and thus had to turn down King's request for a meeting. "He missed his chance," said one civil rights leader. "It would have been a great coup, and snuffed out our movement, if Daley and King had issued some sort of joint statement."

But this would have been out of character. Daley, according to some influential clergymen whom he has lately been consulting for civil rights advice, really doesn't understand what it's all about. "He keeps telling us how good things are here," said one. "He seems genuinely hurt."

Raby made the same complaint on August 18, when he and twenty-one other rights leaders emerged from a two-hour meeting with Daley to discuss racial disturbances that flared over the weekend in Chicago's West Garfield Park neighborhood. More than seventy-five persons were injured in rioting that began when a Negro woman was killed by a falling stop sign knocked over by an unmanned fire truck. The fire house, staffed with white firemen in the largely Negro neighborhood, became the center of the rioting. "It was a totally fruitless meeting," Raby said. "Apparently the Mayor called us in to tell us what a great job he has done."

It's easy to understand his reasoning. After all, hasn't he always tried to do a lot for Negroes? Didn't he get for Chicago its $21 million anti-poverty program, its huge public-housing developments, its extensive urban renewal? Hasn't he appointed Negroes to many lofty government jobs?

His opponents answer yes, but. . . . But the great new poverty program is run by a fifty-six member board of "establishment" people, with no poor, no representatives from the fledgling grass-roots community organizations pushing up in the slums; the public housing developments are carefully placed within the Negro ghettos and have won the title of "high-rise concentration camps"; the urban renewal program has leveled Negro neighborhoods—old ones and crumbling ones, to be sure, but neighborhoods nevertheless. And the Negroes he has appointed to government jobs, they say, are *his* Negroes—loyal first to his organization, and then to their people's struggles. These things Daley doesn't understand, according to the clergymen who have been meeting with him.

On August 1, the civil rights marchers shifted their battleground from the City Hall to the Mayor's home neighborhood in Bridgeport, a lower-middle-class, 2-mile-square area, where he and his wife were born and where Chicago's two mayors before him had been raised. Bridgeport is what Daley trusts: Many of his closest aides are his Bridgeport neighbors, or sons of his Bridgeport neighbors. About 900 of its breadwinners hold patronage jobs (the average for Chicago's fifty wards is about 400), and they are the elite of the patronage jobs. The community, proud of its role as the mother of city government, is self-conscious about keeping up appearances. The little bungalows have bright striped awnings, fancy and freshly painted iron fences, flower boxes, tidy lawns. With its mixture of East European, Irish, German and Italian stock, it could be a model for an old city neighborhood in the best American melting-pot tradition. But it isn't, chiefly because of some shameful racial incidents.

About 150 Negroes live in the southeast corner of Bridgeport, tightly contained. "They wouldn't dare cross the street to the white section after sundown," insists Albert Raby. Three years ago, at the time of James Meredith's violent entrance into the University of Mississippi, a 5-year-old Negro girl from this section was enrolled in a white kindergarten. Meredith made it. The little Negro girl didn't. After obscene phone calls and threats, her parents withdrew her.

In 1961 a group of eighty Negroes, burned out of an apartment building near Bridgeport, were jeered and threatened by a white mob as American Red Cross volunteers shepherded them into Holy Cross Lutheran Church in Bridgeport. The volunteers, badly frightened, took the fire refugees to a church in a Negro neighborhood instead. "The mob won," said an angry Red Cross executive.

Last October, a white high school-teacher bought a two-flat in Bridgeport three blocks from Daley's home and rented one apartment to a Negro student at Loyola University. "I just wanted to see what the Mayor would do," explained the teacher. The young man moved in on a Friday. For three nights crowds gathered in front of the building, smashed windows with rocks and threw bottles at the walls. On the fourth day, while the occupant was in night school, his belongings mysteriously disappeared from the flat and reappeared in the district police station down the street from Daley's house. By the time he returned from school, two white men from the neighborhood had moved in, with a brand-new lease from the owner's real estate agent. The owner, furious, accused the 11th Ward Democratic organization of arranging the switch. On the fifth day, the two new tenants celebrated with an open house for their neighbors.

Even Bridgeport's public-housing project is all white, although the Chicago Housing Authority announced in three years it would "gradually" integrate it. "Any stranger, white or black, regardless of religion or national origin, finds himself uncomfortable in the area," says Raby. "A mood of suspicion and subtle hostility seems to prevail. This is why we call it a closed society."

Into this closed society came civil rights marchers, and Bridgeport greeted them much as they had expected: with Ku Klux Klan signs, the Alabama trooper song, shouts of "Go back to the zoo," and with eggs and tomatoes. "I've never heard such filthy language," said one pretty young Negro woman. "I wanted to shout at them, 'I wouldn't think of living next door to you.'"

The crowd got so nasty on the second night, August 2, that police had to act. They arrested sixty-five of the demonstrators, but none of the screaming mob. Since Illinois has no law forbidding picketing of homes, the Illinois division of the American Civil Liberties Union has protested to the city legal department that these arrests were unconstitutional. But by the third night the precinct captains had moved in and brought the mob under control. Some civil rights leaders have interpreted this new silence as the beginning of "an educational process" in Bridgeport. Others, more hard-headed about Chicago, say the silence means only that most people in Bridgeport either are on the city payroll or have a relative on the payroll. "And when the 11th

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Ward says shut up, you shut up," says one authority on Chicago politics. "What you're seeing is ward discipline. A riot would hurt Daley, and he's told his people there isn't going to be a riot."

As the Bridgeport people stopped hollering, many influential Chicagoans jumped to their support. Picketing a man's home is an outrageous invasion of privacy, they say. The villain who lured all these marchers to Bridgeport, as they see it, is Dick Gregory, the rambunctious Negro comedian who always seems to be at the head of any civil rights march anywhere. "He's the John Brown of the movement," says one admirer.

It's true that Gregory, in his denim jacket and straw "freedom" hat, has led the marches in Bridgeport. But it's also true that the marches have the open or behind-the-scenes support of most of the Chicago civil rights leaders. And they say that among the Negro masses the idea of black men parading through forbidden Bridgeport has immense appeal, more than any complex school issue the rights struggle has raised. "The mayor has lived in the tightest, most closed community of the city for a long, long time," says the Rev. Alvin Pitcher of the University of Chicago Divinity School. "And he cannot duck responsibility for it."

The few Democratic Negro politicians who have been sympathetic with the civil rights movement in the past are clearly embarrassed by its new anti-Daley tone. State Rep. Cecil Partee points out that it was suburban Republicans who defeated his open-occupancy bill in the state legislature, and asks: "Why haven't they been picketed? I say the marches are political. . . ." They are, in the sense that their ultimate goal is to break through the monolithic machine and force politicians to hear, and hopefully to correct, their complaints about urban renewal, slum landlords and inferior schools.

Whether this is possible through nightly marches is another question. "I'd say the net result so far is that they're doing Daley some good in the white wards," says one astute City Hall authority. "He won't lose many Negro votes, unless the civil rights organizations start working a lot harder, out in the precincts."

But attorney Leon Despres, one of the few civil rights minded aldermen in the Chicago City Council, thinks the marches have had a profound effect. "Anybody in politics who has to do organizing himself knows that to produce marchers day after day, from thirty-five to 100, is a mammoth task and requires a tremendous underlying sentiment of support," he says. "Laymen don't always realize that. They think, well, 100, 125 people—that isn't much. But that means you have to draw on a very big body of interested people. Daley knows this. That's why he is very anxious. For ten years he has relied on keeping a balance between Negroes and white reactionaries. Through the political patronage system, through subsidizing Negro ministers, through such things as the poverty program, through the appeal of the Democratic label, he controls enough Negroes directly so that their support is firmly under him. With this support guaranteed, he is able to curry favor with the white segregationists, whose support he also needs. With this equilibrium," Despres adds, "he's been able to avoid any kind of progress, any boldness, in civil rights, without exception. The meaning of the marches is that there is a real crack developing in this coalition."

If that's their meaning, what is their immediate goal? This is the question most often asked by the marchers' critics, who keep telling them to go home and do something "constructive" instead.

John McDermott, director of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, a group that has lost considerable financial support this summer because of its civil rights activities, has given the best answer. "The Democratic Party is for all practical purposes the only party in the city," he says. "If civil rights is our number one issue, and I think it is, we are saying to the Mayor that we want him to have a civil rights program—much as President Johnson has." McDermott agrees with many Chicagoans that in every other area Daley has been an excellent mayor. "But on civil rights the fact is he does not have a program," McDermott adds. "He has a policy of peace first, and justice second."

REVOLUTIONARY WARFARE

How To Tell When the Rebels Have Won

Eqbal Ahmad

Vice President Humphrey expressed the national concern over guerrilla warfare recently when he spoke of this "bold new form of aggression which could rank with the discovery of gunpowder" as constituting the "major challenge to our security." It is viewed as the latest weapon in the Communist arsenal with Vietnam as its testing ground [see "Goliath and the Guerrilla," by Eric Hobsbawm; *The Nation*, July 19]. "If guerrilla techniques succeed in Vietnam," wrote James Reston in *The New York Times*, "nobody in Washington dare assume that the same techniques will not be applied in all Communist rimlands from Korea to Iran." This view is based on two assumptions and at least one serious misconception. It assumes that the Vietnamese situation is typical, historically and politically, of other underdeveloped countries, and that American policy toward other nations would be comparable to the one pursued in Vietnam. The misconception concerns the nature of revolutionary warfare.

America's interest in revolutionary warfare began from a defensive

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posture as a result of reverses in China, Korea, Cuba and Laos, and of protracted involvement in Vietnam. It was natural for its officials to be attracted more to the myths and methods of those who have had to defend themselves against guerrillas than to an understanding of the causes and characteristics of such a war. Americans are therefore unable to avoid the psychological and political pitfalls of colonial powers and feudal regimes like France and Nationalist China. A symptom of this negative posture is that while recognizing "a bold new form" of warfare, government publications, including the course books of Fort Bragg, reject the term "revolutionary war" in favor of old terms which do not suggest the vital distinction between revolutionary and other types of guerrilla conflict.

The official American interpretation of revolutionary war can be summarized as follows: (*1*) It is essentially a technical problem, i.e., a problem of plotting and subversion on the one hand and of intelligence and suppression on the other. As the chief conspiratorial group, the Communists are believed to be the most likely initiators and beneficiaries of revolution. It was this attitude which led to the recent attempt to nip in the bud what was construed as the Dominican Communist conspiracy. A logical extension of this theory is the belief that any revolutionary movement is inspired, directed and controlled from abroad. (2) The active sanctuary—from which guerrillas can smuggle supplies and train their troops—is considered the primary factor in their success. (*3*) The guerrilla movement is believed to enjoy considerable advantage because in the words of W. W. Rostow, "its task is merely to destroy while the government must build and protect what it is building." (*4*) The civilian population is considered important for providing information and protection to the guerrillas; it is believed that civilian-guerrilla cooperation is enforced by terror. (Dean Rusk, while complaining of the "gullibility of educated men and their stubborn disregard of plain facts," asserted that the Vietcong "has no significant popular following . . . it relies heavily on terror.") Serious inquiry into other bases of guerrilla support and mass mobilization is therefore deemed of no great importance.

Judging from the failure of Washington's prophecies in Vietnam and from the policies followed to date, it would seem that these assumptions represent the actual official view and cannot be dismissed as myths consciously constructed for public consumption. Wrong premises do not usually produce right policies, and these assumptions are, at best, half truths—credible and misleading. (Oliver Wendell Holmes once remarked that a half truth is like half a brick: it can be thrown a considerable distance.) Studies in the field of revolutionary wars and my personal observation of the Algerian struggle lead to very different conclusions which may be summarized as follows: (*1*) Revolutionaries consider mass support the primary condition for their success; winning and maintaining popular support remains their central objective throughout the struggle. (2) The requirements of guerrilla war, as well as the history of its failures and successes, confirm the primacy of political factors in such a conflict. (3) Popular support for the guerrillas is predicated upon the moral alienation of the masses from the existing government. The revolutionaries' chief aim is to activate and perpetuate the moral isolation of the enemy regime until such isolation has become total and irreversible. (*4*) The conditions leading to revolutionary wars are not created by conspiracy. They are partly inherent in a situation of rapid social change, but the outbreak normally results mainly from the failure of a ruling elite to respond to the challenge of modernization. (5) A revolutionary guerrilla movement concentrates on "outadministering," not on "outfighting" the enemy. This is a constructive and not simply a destructive undertaking. (*6*) The use of terror by guerrillas is highly selective; it does not constitute the main reason for the favorable reaction of the masses to their cause. (7) The external sanctuary has greater psychological and diplomatic than military or political value to the guerrillas. A discussion of these points follows.

Organizers of guerrilla warfare give prime attention, in practice no less than in theory, to the human factor. T. E. Lawrence (of Arabia) spoke of guerrilla war in terms of "the algebraic element of things, the biological element of life, and the psychological element of ideas." In other words, although Lawrence's goals were essentially military, military considerations constituted, for him, only one-third of the problem of organizing and sustaining guerrilla troops. When Tito was told of the exceptionally unfavorable terrain in the region of Srem ("the area is level as the palm of your hand . . . and with little forests") he remarked, "What a first-class example it is of the relative unimportance of geographical factors in the development of a rising. The basic factor is studious political work, the attitude of the mass of people and the fighting leadership—if these are present the population would fight to the last man." Mao Tse-tung states, "Because guerrilla warfare basically derives from the masses and is supported by them, it can neither exist nor flourish if it separates itself from their sympathies and cooperation." This belief in the need to command popular support governs the movement through all stages of its development.

History confirms the sovereignty of the human factor in revolutionary warfare. While shying away from the wars that were "lost," American military analysts are prone to cite cases of successful anti-guerrilla operations. A heavy favorite—the British "counterinsurgency" in Malaya—is faithfully imitated in Vietnam. (Sometimes too faithfully, as in the case of the strategic hamlets program launched in April, 1962.) But comparisons with Malaya are fallacious, because there the guerrillas were at a severe disadvantage. Their support was limited to a minority of 423,000 Chinese squatters, who were ethnically distinct from and distrusted by the majority of Malays, and popular grievances were not acute enough to make the guerrillas look like liberators to the Malay peasants. Furthermore, the British acted quickly to remove the grievances on which the rebellion was based. Even then it took thirteen years and a total of 260,000 soldiers and police (80,000 British, 180,000 Malays) to put down 8,000 guerrillas (a ratio of 30 to 1). Another success story, the joint U.S.-Philippine victory over the Huks, is less frequently cited because of its embarrassing aspects. The Huk movement collapsed dramatically when Magsaysay convinced the peasants of his will and capacity to introduce re-

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forms. However, the promises made to them were not kept and the Garcia administration witnessed a resurgence of guerrillas. In April, 1962, Macapagal swallowed his embarrassment and ordered a mop-up operation in Central Luzon. According to the latest reports, guerrilla strength in the Philippines is increasing.

The Algerian revolution, the least studied in this country though it comes closest to the Vietnamese situation, had actually been crushed militarily but had won politically when de Gaulle negotiated independence. By 1961, the guerrillas had been reduced to some 5,000 and their ability to engage the French at will had markedly declined. But France faced a sullen Algerian population that it had conquered but could not rule. The F.L.N. was defeated in the field, but it continued to outadminister and "illegitimize" the French.

Why did the Algerian peasants risk, for seven remorseless years, their lives, the honor of their women, and the security of their paltry belongings? Nationalism alone could not explain their violent and resolute rejection of French rule. In no other colony, except Indo-China, did the movement for independence take so violent a turn. And why did not the peasants respond earlier to the militants' calls to arms? The answer comes from one of the historic chiefs of the Algerian revolution. The time was not "ripe," he said. "These events occur where foreign rule is resented, where acute grievances exist and institutional channels for ventilating and satisfying them are ineffective."

Peasant rebellions had occurred in past years of famine and high taxation, but these spontaneous and periodic disturbances, as expressions of frustration over social and economic conditions, are not a sufficient condition for guerrilla revolution. "Revolutionary warfare does not require simply discontent among the masses but a sense of desperation and a grim determination to end injustice and humiliation. It demands patience with prolonged suffering, and a determined conspiracy of silence, and militancy."

A people can summon up that resolution only if they feel morally alienated from their rulers. "The success of a revolutionary war is predicated upon the continual and increasing moral isolation of the enemy. When it becomes total the war has been won, for the population will then fight to the last man." Later, other Algerian leaders told me they had spent more effort fighting the French promises of eventual independence and reforms than fighting the military. The Algerians became increasingly alienated from the French as the latter increased their military effort, which in revolutionary warfare means large-scale killing of civilians (if for no other reason than because the guerrilla is undistinguishable from other peasants), and the F.L.N. became more confident of winning not the military battles but the revolutionary war.

The conditions leading to revolutionary warfare are not created by conspiracy. They are inherent in the dislocations and demands produced by rapid social change, and are predicated on the failure of ruling elites to respond to the challenge of modernization. The pressures for change in the political, economic and social relationships of the past inevitably lead to a confrontation with those whose interests lie in the maintenance of the *status quo*. In countries and colonies whose rulers are willing to abdicate their monopoly of power and privileges, where genuine reforms are introduced, and new institutions begin to provide for a sharing of power and responsibility, the change is effected in an orderly (if not entirely peaceful) and democratic manner. But when a ruling class resists reforms (which invariably mean reduction in its power and privileges), its confrontation with the new political forces becomes increasingly violent. A regime unwilling to satisfy popular aspirations begins to lose legitimacy; revolutionary forces deliberately accelerate this process, by weakening the efficacy and cohesion of the ruling elite, and by giving form to the amorphous revolutionary conflagration. In the competition for leadership which often takes place in this volatile situation, non-Communist revolutionary groups are handicapped by several factors, the most important of which are the attitudes and policies of Western powers. By supporting the defenders of the old order, a great nation like the United States weakens the fighting power of the democratic forces, drives the cold-war neutralists to seek the help of the Communists, and gives the latter new heroes and martyrs.

Once a revolutionary movement enters the guerrilla phase its central objective is to confirm, perpetuate and institutionalize the moral isolation of the enemy by providing an alternative to the discredited regime through the creation of "parallel hierarchies." The major task of the movement is not to outfight but to outadminister the government. The main target in this bid is the village, where the majority of the population lives, and where the government's presence is often exploitative (collection of taxes). Here the chief and his council are the main link between the people and the government. Breaking this link demands careful plan-

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ning, organization and hard work. The government is systematically eliminated from the countryside by the conversion or killing of village officials, who are then controlled or replaced by the political arm of the movement. The rebels must then build an administrative structure to collect taxes, to provide some education and social welfare, and to maintain a modicum of economic activity. A revolutionary guerrilla movement which does not have these administrative concerns and structures to fulfill its obligations to the populace would degenerate into banditry. The official American view that the guerrillas' tasks are easier because they only destroy contradicts the findings of those who have studied and observed these movements. During this phase, military confrontation is normally avoided, and the government also treats assassinations as a police problem, and ascribes nonpayment of taxes to administrative lags, bad harvests, etc. The Vietcong is known to have gained control over 70 per cent of rural Vietnam during 1957-60—a period when Americans were presenting Uncle Diem as a rival of Uncle Ho and were going around saying: "Look, no Vietnamese army units are attacked. Therefore, there is no guerrilla threat."

Most compelling, but also most self-defeating, is the myth that terror is the basis of civilian support for the guerrillas. Guerrilla warfare requires a highly committed but covert civilian support which cannot be obtained at gun point. Only degenerate and defeated guerrillas are known to have risked the loss of mass support by terrorizing civilians (some Huk and Malayan die-hards were reduced to it). An outstanding feature of guerrilla training is the stress on scrupulously "correct and just" behavior toward civilians. Political work, believes General Giap, is "the soul of the army," and a Chinese guerrilla expert explains that "army indoctrination is primarily aimed at training the troops to act in such a way that they will gain this total support [of the people]." Guerrilla use of terror, therefore, is sociologically and psychologically selective. It strikes those who are popularly identified as the "enemy of the people"—officials, landlords and the like.

Killing a village chief, however, is often a more complicated affair. Since most chiefs are local farmers who command legitimacy and loyalty through tradition and kinship, the militants ideally want to persuade them into the movement. When that fails, it takes painstaking political work to engineer their assassination and to prepare the villagers to accept it. In the early years of the Algerian revolution it took the F.L.N. from two months to a year to kill a village chief without incurring the liability of public hostility, and that was an anti-colonial war. I was, therefore, amazed to learn that in Vietnam, about 13,000 local officials were killed between 1957 and 1961. Professor Bernard Fall gives a simple explanation: These chiefs, as appointees of Diem, had little legitimacy compared with the Vietminh cadres who had liberated the country from France. Furthermore, the local officials became involved, along with the American-equipped and trained army, in the sordid business of restoring the landlords who had fled the country during the war. (A *de facto* land reform was achieved under the Vietminh.) These absentee aristocrats even demanded eight years worth of back rent, covering the period from 1945 to 1954. Before the war, the rent had been 50 per cent of the yield; the peasant was thus required to pay 400 per cent of his produce and to surrender his rights to the land! The Vietcong had no problem preparing them to accept the killing of officials engaged in such work.

Terror is also used to insure survival of the militants and of the movement. Robert Kleiman of *The New York Times* (May 3, 1965) informs us that in Vietnam's "contested areas, with 40 per cent of the population, Saigon usually gets cooperation by day and the Vietcong by night—because that is when their troops and officials are present. It is an old Asian custom." I was amused by the last sentence, for I know it is not our custom, but a universal practice of guerrilla warfare. The population must seem at least neutral if it hopes to escape full enemy treatment from government troops. Rebel troops and officials do not arrive at night from "somewhere in the mountains"; they are present during the day, too, and often lead the show of obedience to the government. At night, the loyal peasant turns into a guerrilla and all know him as such. To insure that the popular conspiracy of silence develops no seams, exemplary punishments are given to those suspected of having informed.

Second-degree terror, which normally does not result in killing, is used to sabotage the government's belated effort to gain popular support. Government schoolteachers and health workers are favorite targets of kidnaping and indoctrination. In June, 1962, a South Vietnamese UN observer informed UNESCO that the Vietcong had kidnaped more than 1,200 teachers; the government's malaria-eradication campaign collapsed after twenty-two health officers had been killed and sixty kidnaped. Guerrilla sabotage normally guards against causing too much hardship on the population and long-range damages to the economy. Industry and even foreign-owned plantations are spared if they pay their "taxes" to the liberation front. And they normally do so when the government is unable to protect them. (In Vietnam the large European rubber plantations, Michelin, SIPH, Terres Rouges, resisted for a while, but started paying taxes to the Vietcong after their French supervisors were kidnaped.)

It is difficult to say at what point the moral isolation of a government becomes total and irreversible, so that no amount of promises and reforms would restore the lost confidence and reduce the peoples' resistance. In Algeria, at least, the point seems to have been reached when the French were reduced to torturing and killing civilians and to "regrouping" the population. Many Algerian leaders believe that their revolution became irreversible at the moment of France's greatest military victory — General Massu's conquest of the Casbah (the Muslim section of Algiers was reduced to rubble during 1957-58). France could no longer expect the confidence, much less the loyalty, of a people it was destroying indiscriminately, albeit unwillingly and despite itself.

The desertion of the intellectuals and moderates often signals, not so much the irreversibility of a revolutionary war, but its take-off. Intellectuals, especially the Asian variety, are a democratic, liberal group, who view organized violence with distaste. Somewhat alienated from their culture, Westernized and city-centered, they distrust the peasants but desire an improvement of their condition. When an armed revolution breaks out, they are likely to

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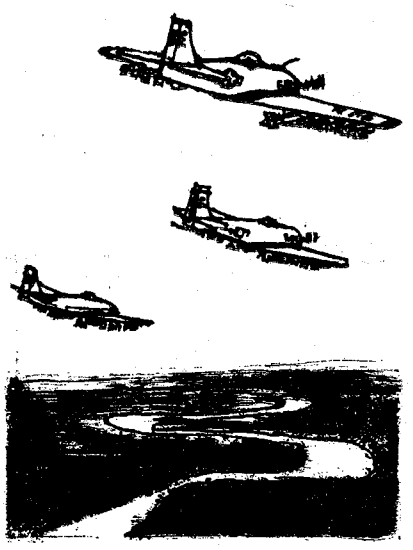
play in the middle, hoping to get some reforms under way by using the armed threat as a counter for bargaining. They begin to go on exile or to defect to the rebels after the failure of the regime and the success of the revolution become imminent.

The defending army's pressures for conventional attack on an external sanctuary is yet another sign that a revolutionary war has been lost on home grounds. In revolutionary warfare, armies trained for conventional combat follow a vicious logic of escalation, which



derives from acute frustration over an elusive war that puts in question not only their effectiveness but the very validity of their training and organization. Moreover, the morale of professional soldiers cannot be maintained if they know they are fighting a popular rebellion. Hence the compulsion to believe that behind the popular behavior lies the terror of an army trained, equipped and directed by a foreign power, and the wish to draw the enemy into open battles. Since reprisals against the population fail to produce the desired result, carrying the war to a sovereign nation becomes the only road to a conventional showdown. In Algeria this demand led to French participation in the invasion of Suez, then to the bombing of the Tunisian border town of Sakiet Sidi Youssef, and produced a succession of army revolts, the last of which destroyed the Fourth Republic. Had the French Government succumbed to these pressures, France would have been the first power to violate the international practice of respecting the rights of sanctuary—a principle that was observed in Korea, Greece, Cyprus and Malaya.

The importance of an active sanctuary should not be underestimated, although it is not essential to guerrilla success. In Cuba, Yugoslavia and China the revolutionaries did not have active sanctuaries. In Burma and to a lesser extent in Greece, sanctuaries proved of limited value. Politically and militarily, revolutionary guerrillas are, by and large, a self-sustaining group who can go on fighting indefinitely even if infiltration from across the border stops. External help, however, has great psychological and diplomatic value. In a war of attrition, there can be no decisive victory over a strong foreign enemy. At best, one hopes to inflict on it heavy losses, tire it out and, through international pressure, force it to negotiate withdrawal. External help is important in internationalizing guerrilla demands, and keeps alive the hope of liberation. When a revolutionary army loses an ally, it loses not so much military support; it loses hope. When the world is not watching, when the fear of diplomatic sanctions and the threat of a widened war are absent, a foreign power trapped in counter-guerrilla operations is likely to make the final and the only move that may "win"—it starts to commit genocide.

Finally, the assumption that a guerrilla outfit, like a conventional army, can be controlled and commanded by a foreign or externally based government, ignores the organizational, psychological and political facts of revolutionary warfare. The distrust of the "home based" guerrillas, even for their own government in exile, cannot be overstated. The resourceful and tough "interior" leaders and cadres who face the enemy daily, collect taxes, administer, make promises and give hopes to the population are not easily controlled from abroad and make suspicious, exacting and hard-to-please allies. Therefore, zone commanders and political commissars are, for the most part, monarchs of what they survey. As a group, they are joined together by shared experiences, by a common mood which is defiant and insular, by a shared suspicion of "politicians and diplomats over there" selling them out, and by a collective will to defy a settlement that is not of their making.

In Vietnam, the signs are clear. The South Vietnamese regime has no legitimacy, and no government backed by a Western power can hope for popular support in a country where the Communists have capitalized on the nationalist appeal of restoring independence and unity, and where the pro-Western leaders have been Bao-Dai, Diem and the musical-chair generals. The massacre of civilians began as early as 1960 (not counting the earlier repressive measures of the Diem regime), as attested by reputable scholars and even a former Chief U.S. Military Adviser (Lt. Gen. Samuel T. Williams; see *U.S. News & World Report*, Nov. 9, 1964). It has since escalated. The intellectuals and moderates have deserted or defected. And North Vietnam is subjected to daily bombings. America and its South Vietnamese allies have lost the revolutionary war because they could not win the support of the Vietnamese people, and now their moral isolation is total.

As an Asian, I am aware of the appeals and threat of communism, and I would support policies likely to prevent its expansion. But I do not believe that communism is the wave of the future, and therefore I am neither panicked nor paralyzed. I believe that Vietnam is a unique case—culturally, historically and politically. I hope that the United States will not repeat its Vietnam blunders elsewhere. I do not subscribe to the domino theory and I am anguished by Americans who call Vietnam a test case. Vietnam is the only country in the world where the nationalist movement for independence was led by the Communists during its most crucial and heroic decades. In new countries where institutional loyalties are still weak, the legitimacy and popularity of a regime derives from its nationalist heroes and martyrs. Unfortunately for the free world the George Washington of Vietnam, its Gandhi, was a Communist nationalist. Ho Chi Minh and his associates (including General Giap of Dienbienphu fame) are understandably considered the founding fathers of modern Vietnam. It was morbid optimism to expect an absentee aristocrat to supplant a leader who had devoted a lifetime to the liberation of his country, and to defeat a leadership and cadres whose organic ties with the peasants were cemented by the bitter struggle for independence. It is not fair to blame

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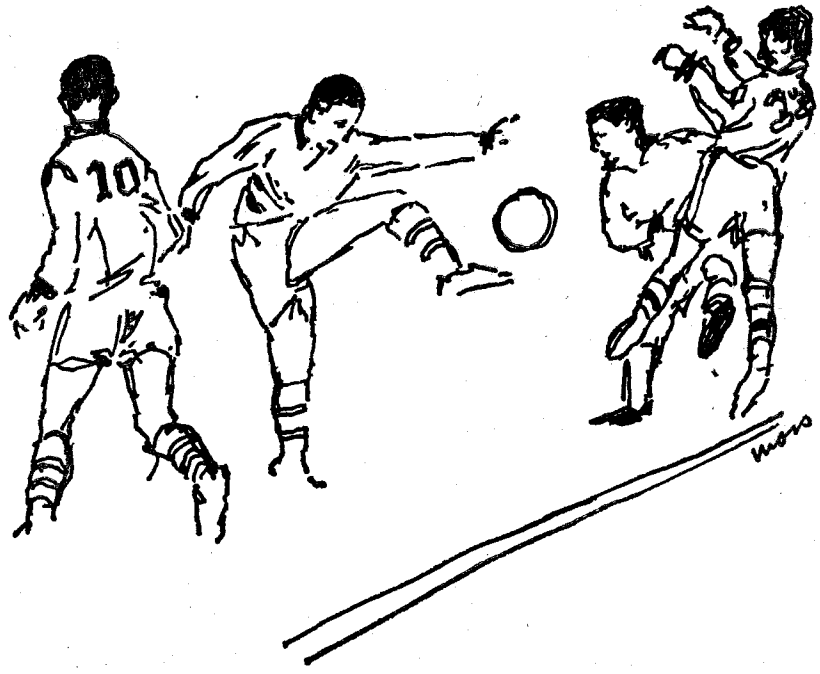
Diem for driving the Vietnamese to desperation. He had no choice. Given his circumstances his only possible weapons were a power apparatus to regiment the population, all-out support of minorities, and widespread terror. These were not aberrations of a program but the program itself.

Vietnam is also the only country in which the United States gave substantial support to a colonial power in a war of independence. This could not have endeared America to the Vietnamese people. Then in the "Southern zone" America replaced France, and supported the ex-French puppet Bao-Dai; next it put up Diem as "the democratic alternative to Vietnam," and also failed to honor its pledge to hold elections for the unification of the country. To most Vietnamese the present war, therefore, is a continuation of the struggle for independence. I know how Asians feel about America's action. They call it neo-colonialism; some think it is imperialism. I know this is very wrong because Americans are naturally sympathetic to peoples' struggles for freedom and justice, and they would like to help if they could. I prefer the term "maternalism" for American policy in countries like Vietnam, because it reminds me of the story of an elephant who, as she strolled benignly in the jungle, stepped on a mother partridge and killed her. When she noticed the orphaned siblings, tears filled the kind elephant's eyes. "Ah, I too have maternal instincts," she said turning to the orphans, and sat on them.

Soccer: The Rabble Game . . . . . David Cort

The relationship between a people's games and its morale is still a riddle, in spite of all the discussion of Greek physical culture, Roman circuses, Gothic tourneys, English playing fields, Prussian duelists and Spanish bullfights.

In America today, the point is sharpened because TV and radio expose American sports to enormous audiences, and reward them handsomely for the commercials. Every sports promoter wants to squeeze into the picture. Right now a plot is unfolding to add yet another, essentially foreign, sport to those molding the American character. That is soccer, played, believe it or not, in 131 nations, because literally anybody is smart enough to kick a large ball. Before we examine the soccer invasion, let us look at the other games we already have, especially on TV.



The striking thing about baseball is that its restrictive rules refine out all spontaneous passion. It has been sublimated to an arbitrary abstraction, a tension of comparative numbers: four balls, three strikes, three outs, four bases. The pitchers screw up the tension with their extraordinary tricks and skills; the batters try to explode it. But for the rules, what would stop a runner on the base paths from picking up the ball and running home with it? Of course, he would be out on two counts: being touched by a batted ball and interfering with the fielders. As visual spectacle, baseball is a dismal thing; as involvement with the team and all the players, personally, it is a compulsive incubus. For in baseball, a player exposes his inner character, and the fans come to know him through and through. Since the game is one of individuals in cooperation, it has the complexity of real life. A baseball fan gets very little catharsis; he worries about the team and all its players.

Football, the other great American game, is extroversion. The passion is formalized and visible: three downs to make the 10 yards, or failure and kick. The great quarterback, the King Arthur, drops back to pass, surrounded by his paladins, and in drive the villains to foil him. But under the very avalanche he gets the ball away, winging straight to a friend who nips it out of the air and runs for a touchdown. Or in the slashing, twisting style of running, given to few, a back miraculously slips off the tacklers and is in the open. There is exhilaration, catharsis, explosion, release. In football, but not in baseball, a numerical defeat can be a "moral victory." But all football games are more alike than all baseball games.

The many games that involve open play to get an object from one end of an arena to another are all said to derive from polo, a very ancient Persian game. They may be roughly said to include hockey and basketball (both on TV), as well as lacrosse, water polo and, of course, soccer. Body contact is inevitable in all of them. The hockey contact is aggravated by great speed, the sticks and skate blades. The basketball

David Cort is a frequent Nation *contributor.*

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contact is made somewhat comic by bare skin and the preternaturally tall boys slapping one another. Hockey has kept an air of heroism; basketball none, but it is still a game of individuals.

And what of the other TV sports? Golf is so difficult to dramatize that the show consists mainly of the putting on the last few greens where the ball can be vaguely seen rolling toward the cup. In bowling, one strike is exactly like another, and as in golf, the tension comes only toward the end of the tournament, in comparative numbers. A horse race is over so quickly that there is no time for commercials; the horses' numbers can hardly be seen and one must trust the hysterical voice. Boxing is probably the best TV program: a prolonged meeting man to man for all the marbles, with time between rounds for rapid commercials. Of course the current heavyweights have destroyed the cash value of the commercials by falling down quickly. (Parenthetically, the roller derby is choice entertainment for people who liked the old-time slapstick.)

These frivolous conflicts engage people's attention far more seriously than thoughtfully written and staged shows for, I believe, one overriding reason. A sophisticated audience can predict the outcome of most humanly plotted entertainments. It cannot predict the result of an honest sporting event, or there would be no such word in sport as "upset." And the only life anybody is familiar with is one of anxious unpredictability, of, so to speak, "upsets." But the formality, the elaboration of rules, makes defeat less brutal and undignified in baseball and football than in life. Even the best teams are often, or occasionally, beaten. For losers, unpredictability means hope.

Now, suppose one wants to add a new sport to the American scene—and the TV income. We are watching the process right now. In 1960, a businessman, William D. Cox, former owner of the Phillies baseball team and the Brooklyn football Dodgers, rounded up ten crack European soccer teams from both sides of the iron curtain, added a Brazilian team and a pick-up team called the New Yorkers, and started a tournament in New York. This was for the championship of something called the International Soccer League, now in its sixth year. The winner plays the previous year's champion, and since 1962, this has always been Dukla of Czechoslovakia.

William Cox is not paying all these players as a form of foreign aid. What he wants is an American professional soccer league of *Americans*. The present "New Yorkers" include Germans, Hungarians, Greeks, Englishmen and a Honduran.

How to create American soccer players? One possibility: encourage soccer in the 288 secondary schools that play soccer in the New York metropolitan area. (But only 250 colleges in the whole country play it.) Cox pays for a British professional coach to come over and teach the New York area school coaches. He also has a junior league that plays for the Governor Nelson Rockefeller Trophy. An individual award for "sportsmanship and skill" in his big league is called the Dwight D. Eisenhower Trophy. Certain games are sponsored by the most respectable charities. The public relations are impeccable.

From these innocuous dragon's teeth, Cox expects a crop of first-class soccer players to spring up, fully armed. It is said, in support, that in the New York secondary schools three times as many boys play soccer as play football. Since anyone with feet can kick a ball, the claim is not implausible. But tournament soccer requires a kind of grinding toil that American boys are not attracted to. John Dewey would not have approved of championship soccer.

Come what may, Cox hopes to have an American professional soccer league by 1967, with franchises and teams in ten cities, and TV coverage. Right now he has an occasional TV hour (sponsor: Schaefer beer) with commentary and an interview with himself. The soccer season here would presumably run from September to May, as it does in Europe.

A significant triumph came this year when Cox's New Yorkers won the first section of his tournament; in the play-off against the winner of the second section, they were briskly outfooted by Polonia Bytom of Poland. On August 8 and 11, the Poles met the Czechs' formidable team, Dukla, for the American Challenge Cup and unexpectedly defeated them.

In watching soccer, one is first struck by the foolishness of trying to maneuver a ball only by kicking and butting it. The players seem to be affecting an inefficiency, even contempt. The footwork in fact requires great skill, but this is hardly visible on TV. Soccer's inefficiency is proved by the low scoring: an average of four goals to a match of two forty-five-minute halves, with no substitutions and no time-outs except for the goal keeper (though this rule was waived for this tournament).

Nor can one identify the individuals. The game is a faceless rabble rushing up and down the field. Long-distance runners caught in a squirrel cage, the players pant out the long scramble to nowhere. These are the disinherited of the earth. A soccer game can be compared only to forms of frantic insect activity. It takes a scientist to tell which ants are eating which.

Precisely to avoid this charge, soccer publicity is aimed at creating stars (which do exist, even though one cannot identify them), usually a forward or goal keeper. Still, the game remains a confused hurly-burly. Perhaps that is why it so often leads to patriotic riots. Since one's own side is ignominious, one cannot possibly afford to give the ignominious opponents any magnanimous admiration. The fans hate the enemy without qualification. Life is symbolized as a mean, desperate, endless, exhausting, futile shambles, as in fact life is in many of the 131 countries where soccer is played.

At this very period European soccer is flushed with scandals of bribery and game-throwing, even as two Italian players were sold for $800,000 apiece. Recent fan casualties have been: two killed in Sunderland, England, March, 1964; 318 killed, 500 hurt in Lima, Peru, May, 1964; fifty hurt in Glasgow, January, 1965. In 1963, even New York City fans mobbed the referee. When the Congo team plays Katanga in Leopoldville, troops patrol the field.

If professional big-league soccer becomes an American fixture, it is certain that the top talent will for a good many years be drawn primarily from recent immigrants. One must consider the possibility that the teams would represent immigrant minorities, fighting out and perpetuating their imported national antagonisms on the field and in the stands. That is surely a gloomy prospect.

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The Tyranny of the Unplenishable Self

DREISER. By W. A. Swanberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 614 pp. $10.

Leo Marx

This breezy, intimate, thoroughly documented biography reveals everything knowable about the life of Theodore Dreiser except its significance. Not to seem ungrateful, let it be said at once that W. A. Swanberg has written an invaluable book. It is the most complete record we have of a major novelist's life. Yet readers who come to the book without an appreciation of Dreiser's work may find Mr. Swanberg's purpose obscure. "This book," he explains in a concluding note, "is intended solely as biography, not criticism. There have been many analyses of Dreiser's work, but no attempt to study the whole man."

What a curious way to put it! If at times Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* seems to lack a center, the reason may be right there, in the phrasing of that statement. Is it possible to study the "whole man," if the man happens to be an artist, without studying his work? Why write a biography of Dreiser anyway? As if anticipating the only plausible answer, Mr. Swanberg goes on (in the same note) to make a case for the importance of Dreiser's extraliterary life. He says that Dreiser led a life of constant struggle, a struggle "often far removed from literature," and that in his later years Dreiser's "compulsion toward social criticism and mystic philosophy so overmastered him that he all but abandoned creative writing." All of which is borne out by Mr. Swanberg's impressively marshaled evidence.

But it is necessary to add that most of those struggles were confused and pathetic, the social criticism shallow and the philosophy puerile. The Dreiser we meet outside the books he wrote was a miserable human being. ("The story of a tormented life," is the accurate motto on the dust jacket.) Virtually all of his friendships were wrecked by his wanton self-regard. He was an opportunist, a plagiarist, a liar and a lecher. By any standard other than literary his life was a mess, and except for his novels he accomplished nothing memorable. But of course that is a mighty big exception! It is the beginning and the end of all discussion of Dreiser. If anything like "wholeness" can be found in the shambles it will be found in his work. As Mr. Swanberg shows again and again, Dreiser himself could not find it anywhere else. At 60, absorbed in one of his countless brief love affairs (he had been separated from his wife for years), he explains to his mistress, "I am trying to find myself." It is sad and ludicrous, and it is significant only if Dreiser's high place in American letters can be taken for granted.

Yet that is just the trouble: it cannot. If there is an important fact about Theodore Dreiser that Mr. Swanberg fails to make plain it is that his reputation as a major writer is far from secure. Nor would a reader of Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* realize that this man's work has been the subject of one of the longest, most radical and illuminating controversies in our literary history.

It began in 1900, when the manuscript of his first novel, *Sister Carrie*, arrived in the office of Doubleday, Page & Company, and it is still going on. Frank Norris, a Doubleday reader at the time, thought the book was great. He admired it for its audacious, truth-telling realism, and he persuaded Walter Hines Page, a partner in the firm, to sign a contract. Later, the Doubledays (Frank and his wife Neltje) returned from Europe and read the proofs. They were shocked by the vulgarity and immorality of the novel. (These two charges have recurred endlessly in the sixty-five-year argument about the value of Dreiser's work.) They thought it was vulgar because of the commonplaceness of both its matter and its manner. And they thought it was immoral not because of any erotic details but rather because it seemed to subvert all respectable values. "Amoral" would have been more accurate: Carrie had a successful career even though she had lived in sin; it was as if Dreiser had endorsed unchastity as a way of life.

The Doubledays also regarded the book as a bad commercial risk. They tried to persuade Dreiser to release them and, having failed, they reluctantly honored the contract. Their judgment soon was confirmed by the reviewers, most of whom condemned the novel for immorality, inelegance, pessimism and general unpleasantness. The public, incidentally, took the reviewers' word, buying only 456 copies of the first edition, and giving Dreiser a total of $68.40 for his efforts. This calamity nearly crushed poor Dreiser. He went into a decline almost as disastrous as the one he had described (in depicting Hurstwood) at the end of *Sister Carrie*. But he was staunch in his commitment to the ideal of fictional truth embodied in that novel. In fact, his loyalty to the canon of "realism" probably was his major lapse in the direction of integrity. Notice, however, that this admirable trait was called forth by literature; unless we place his work at the center there can be little to admire about the "whole man."

Most subsequent arguments about Dreiser's work have been elaborations of the disagreement between Norris and the Doubledays. His early antagonists—Stuart Sherman, a genteel professor of the New Humanist persuasion, was typical—condemned him for "barbarism." That charge embraced his prosaic characters, his inelegant style and his naturalistic view of life. Dreiser's people, said Sherman, were animals, and "his stubborn insistence upon the jungle-motive results in a dreary monotony in the form and substance of his novels." In reply, Dreiser's defenders, notably H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis, pictured him as a courageous, lonely iconoclast. (This controversy often has tended to line up professional writers against academicians.) Dreiser's friends argued that his crudity was justified by his subject, and that if art accurately imitated nature it could not be harmful. "He is true to something in the life about him," said Sherwood Anderson, "and truth is always wholesome." In 1930, Lewis took the occasion of his Nobel Prize acceptance speech to tell the world about his radical colleague:

Usually unappreciated, often hounded, he has cleared the trail

Leo Marx is the author of The Machine in the Garden (*Oxford*).

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from Victorian Howellsian timidity and gentility in American fiction to honesty, boldness and passion of life. Without his pioneering I doubt if any of us could, unless we liked to be sent to jail, seek to express life, beauty and terror.

The choice, as Dreiser's supporters saw it, was between effete aestheticism and harsh truth.

During the great depression and the war, however, the debate seemed to be over. With the vogue of proletarian literature, Dreiser's fictive world became a stock setting for the novel. To readers of Dos Passos, Farrell or Steinbeck, his work hardly seemed subversive. In fact when Dreiser died in 1945, it was evident to most commentators that he had been in the mainstream all along.

But then, the following year, Lionel Trilling reopened the controversy. Writing in *The Nation* (Apr. 20, 1946), he shifted the ground to the assumptions, largely political, that governed responses to Dreiser's work. The discussion was prompted by the posthumous publication of *The Bulwark*, but Trilling's real concern was to call into question the values of the liberal-Left literary establishment. He took the liberal tolerance of Dreiser and severity toward Henry James as the measure of a certain intellectual softness. To be sure, some of Trilling's animus—it is impossible to say how much — was directed against the contamination of the New York literary world by Stalinism. (Not long before his death Dreiser had made himself a conspicuous target for just this attack by joining the Communist Party.) That Trilling saw his essay as something more than a routine literary piece is suggested by his polemical, melodramatic tone. "James and Dreiser: with that juxtaposition," he wrote, "we are immediately at the dark and bloody crossroads where culture and politics meet."

Later Trilling made even more of his attack upon Dreiser. He combined the gist of the *Nation* piece with his earlier *Partisan Review* attack on V. L. Parrington, and he used the new version, called "Reality in America," as the lead essay in his influential book, *The Liberal Imagination* (1950). Since then the essay, which has been reprinted in many anthologies, has acquired something like scriptural authority in the academic world. It makes Dreiser and Dreiser's admirers the embodiment of a crude and peculiarly American anti-intellectualism. Trilling identifies this view of life with the populist tendency to denigrate the trained intellect and its works that Tocqueville had discussed long before. And he associates it with a simple-minded, representational theory of art: the test of literary value being the degree of correspondence, as in a mirror image, between the work and a tangible "reality" out there. These unexamined assumptions account for the doctrinaire liberal's preference for Dreiser over James. To think this way is to betray the intellectual's cause. It is the way Dreiser thinks, and he thinks, says Trilling, "as the modern crowd thinks when it decides to think." Hence the readiness of the liberal, who assumes that the crowd is right, to excuse Dreiser's crudities of thought and expression.

The most effective answer to Trilling is Alfred Kazin's "Introduction" to *The Stature of Theodore Dreiser*, a collection of critical essays published in 1955. On the sources of Dreiser's power, however, he merely rephrases the old arguments. "Every line hurts," he says of certain passages, ". . . because it is all too much like reality to be 'art.'" Unfortunately, he neglects to say whether it is, nonetheless, art—a point on which Trilling is more cogent. At times Kazin talks about Dreiser's work as if it issued from an unmediated, artless transaction with experience. He seems to endorse the ingenious idea, advanced by Malcolm Cowley and others, that in Dreiser's case stylistic ineptitude unwittingly becomes art. Trilling is rightly skeptical of such illogic. His position is closer to that of Joyce Cary, who seems to me convincing on the problem of Dreiserian awkwardness. "Dreiser," he said, "is so anxious to make the reader receive the story as true, that he pretends to have no art at all, not even

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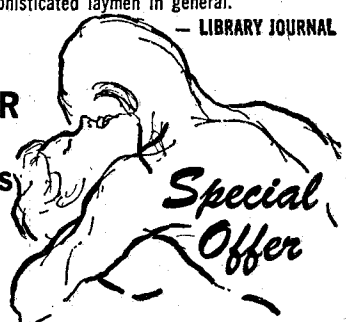

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grammar. And this itself is high art."

But Kazin contributes most to the defense of Dreiser by placing Trilling's attack in its proper historical context. In effect, he associates the reaction against Dreiser and our insurgent realists with the new genteel tradition that had come in after the war. Now the country was prosperous, the writers moved into the universities, the mistakes of the sociological criticism of the thirties became obvious, and although Trilling did not intend it that way, his sniffish contempt for Dreiser was in perfect keeping with the taste for clean writing and well-bred uninvolvement that was nurtured by the victorious "new critical" school of literary pedagogy. In 1950, the charge against Dreiser was still what it had been in 1900 —vulgarity, but now it was exemplified less by inelegant characters than inelegant sentences.

And that is more or less the way things stand today. As anyone who teaches American literature at the college level will testify, Dreiser is a problem. Many students schooled in the reigning academic criticism hardly can bear to read him. Their literary taste has been formed by the essays of T. S. Eliot, the textbooks of Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren and the novels of Henry James. (In the chronology, moreover, James comes just before Dreiser.) Imagine trying to persuade them to take seriously a man capable of writing a sentence like this:

> *The death house in this particular prison was one of those crass erections and maintenances of human insensibility and stupidity for which no one primarily was really responsible.*

But there always are a few independent spirits who discover Dreiser's other kind of writing, who respond to its power, and who recognize him for what he is—a test case of currently received critical doctrine. Is it possible to write "badly"—compose soggy sentences — and still, in the same work, move the heart? Or, as H. L. Mencken put it after quoting that sentence from *An American Tragedy*, "What is one to say of such dreadful bilge? What is one to say about a novelist who, after a quarter of a century at his trade, still writes it?"

One great merit of Mr. Swanberg's *Dreiser* is that it helps us answer the question. I am not suggesting that biographical facts can, of themselves, resolve the critical argument. But the very density of the evidence does clarify some issues. We always have known, for instance, that Dreiser was an ignorant man. But the depth of his ignorance makes a difference: he was ill-read, bigoted, superstitious —at various times he patronized every kind of quack. No wonder the express ideas that appear in his work are stock ideas. Besides, he had no genuine respect for language. He was willing to lend his name to the lowest kind of hack writing. For a time he cynically and successfully edited a high-pressure slick magazine. He did not even care much about the language of his own serious work; incompetent people were invited to cut and rewrite large sections of his novels. Some of his correspondence seems unbelievable. At 40 he addresses an 18-year-old as "Honeypot" in baby talk, viz., "Do ju lub me? Had you sweet doe eyes? Or are dey dough eyes? (Oooh what a slam)." To say, as Mr. Trilling does, that Dreiser thought as the crowd thought may be correct. What it means, though, is that he was largely uneducated, and that the Jamesian sense of a literary vocation (and of the novel as an aesthetic object) was almost wholly foreign to him.

There seem to be two quite distinct and even mutually exclusive conceptions of the novel involved here. One is the representational or realistic novel in the tradition that Dreiser inherits from Defoe. It is judged almost wholly by its lifelikeness, that is, by the novelist's capacity to create an illusion of artless reportage. When the reader is made aware of its formal properties the writer has failed. The other conception is the well-made, imagistic or poetic romance written by Hawthorne and James. Nowadays, formalist critics submit it to a test of holistic integrity not unlike that applied to a Shakespearean sonnet or a Mozart quartet. In this view Art, the writer's ordering of his material, supplants Truth-to-Nature as the primary object of attention. With this conception of the novel Dreiser had no commerce whatever.

But if the weakness of Dreiser's work can be traced to ignorance, its strength derives from a kind of knowledge unavailable to Henry James. Mr. Swanberg's book is the record of a man suffering from acute deprivation, not material poverty alone, but deprivation of status, dignity and — subtlest by far — cultural identity. Many American writers began their lives in poverty, but few of them (at least few white men) have known anything like the total ostracism, the sense of being helplessly down at the bottom that Dreiser knew as a boy. To be put down as poor is one thing, to be rejected as the brother of whores is another. In any case, Dreiser's youth seems to have made him permanently incapable of passing over into middle-class respectability. Even when he had wealth and fame he did not try to make it the way Howells and Mark Twain had made it. When he had his first and best chance, a year at Indiana University, he simply quit — evidently because he was so ill at ease socially. His desperate, lifelong effort to "find himself" enabled him to create Carrie Meeber and Clyde Griffiths. The tyranny of the unplenishable self is the hallmark of all his great characters; they are people who got from their parents little or no sense of themselves, and whose "nothingness" could be assuaged only by an endless reaching out toward new objects of desire.

What are we to say about such a writer? Perhaps Mencken pointed the way in his astute comments on Dreiser's characters: "Their thoughts are muddled and trivial," he said, "—but they can feel. And Dreiser feels with them, and can make the reader feel with them. It takes skill of a kind that is surely not common. Good writing is far easier." No doubt Mr. Trilling would admit that James was not as skillful at making us feel with plebian characters. Yet the James novel he chooses to discuss at length in *The Liberal Imagination* is, significantly, *The Princess Casa-*

A Spruce of Marshall Washer's

It had to happen
the lovely spruce
silver and green
growing on Marshall's rock growing
in open sunshine
thicker and thicker the needles
clogging the wind
the roots inching over the stone
searching for ground
that lay twenty feet distant or maybe
thirty straight
down
it had to happen
but we'll miss it.

Hayden Carruth

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massima. Here James, as if testing his virtuosity, takes for his hero a man who sprang from the pavement of the London slums. The astonishing result is a brilliant political fable. Compared to Dreiser's working-class characters, however, James's Hyacinth Robinson is a figure out of books. Creating him was a literary tour de force, to be sure, but James did not, could not possibly, know what Dreiser knew about lives of chronic deprivation. Each of these writers was formed by a special combination of ignorance and knowledge, and—given the circumstances of American life at the time—the parts were not interchangeable. Having to choose between James and Dreiser, as some would have us choose between Eliot and Lawrence, is a silly, academic game. We need both. To ignore either is to limit the range of the American consciousness.

Notes From Afar: Part II

Harold Clurman

Something about Paris—was it the traffic-choked streets, the political apathy, parts of the exposition of 20th-century sculpture at the Rodin museum?—made me say: "I disapprove of most things nowadays while I enjoy almost everything." This quip ought to be borne in mind in much that follows.

I loved Paris all over again, not because of any plays or pictures I saw there but because it reeks of life. Its wounds as much as its charms are immediately revealed to the eye. Its theatre at the moment is poor but the city itself is theatre.

London now is Europe's most "swinging" town. I went to the theatre six times in seven days. Though I cannot say that I "liked" what I saw, I found everything more than casually interesting. Something is going on in England and I was glad to observe a little of it in the theatre-mirror.

The National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company (the latter appears both at Stratford-on-Avon and at the Aldwych in London) command the finest acting troupes of the English-speaking world. The cast of Harold Pinter's latest play, *The Homecoming,* at the Aldwych offers no "stars," but is so thoroughly right that it gives the impression of being the play itself. Acting everywhere in London today generally displays remarkable competence and at times brilliance. One often suspects, however, that roles are being played for recordings rather than for the stage: so much of the effect is verbal and vocal. One hears almost too well.

The plays piqued me in a peculiar way. Each of them seemed to have been conceived in one family and inspired by a single motive. Nearly all were bitter comedies with grins bespeaking self-pity and mockery. My first guess was that the British were now in the grip of an obsession, part of that sexual revolution one hears so much about these days. But I soon realized that this was a mistake. It was not the warmth of sex that emanated from the plays I saw but the chill of a vengeful frustration. Sex provided no solace, tenderness, sensual gratification, entertainment or progeny. It was closer to suicide.

It would be easy to conjecture that having frivolously defied Victorian prudery in the twenties, the British are now grimly battering away at its Puritan residue. But in the plays I refer to sex appears to cause greater frustration than the original inhibitions ever did. The laughter provoked by these plays is rarely ribald or lewd; it is the laughter of a man jeering at his own impotence.

The ambivalence immanent in the new dramatic cycle may be discerned in the recurrence of the homosexual strain. Homosexuality may hold a special fascination for the British theatregoer because mention of its very existence was hitherto banned from the stage. The taboo has now been exorcized. Still, the presentation of homosexuality does not occur in plays which are really about homosexuality. It is made an adjunct to a play's central theme.

The three characters in Frank Marcus' *The Killing of Sister George,* a spoof on British television, are all Lesbians. In John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me,* exposing hypocrisy in aristocratic Establishments (an allusion to the Profumo case), the protagonist is a homosexual officer in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire whose betrayal of his country under pressure of blackmail is covered up by recourse to anti-Semitism. Nevertheless, scene after scene is either comically or melodramatically given to displays of homosexual misbehavior — actually irrele-

The Art of F. Scott Fitzgerald

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vant to the play's subject. If there is any pornography in these plays it is pornography of the intellect. Muddy thinking, the turbid sentimentality of chattering minds are the end results.

If it is all sex in the head, if the sexual emphasis is artistically marginal, one wonders what, apart from its theatrical effect, is its true purpose or significance. What is really being exposed is rage, the curse sparked by an inability to feel.

There is a positive aspect to this: these plays are not just smartly shocking. Despite faults as drama, they reflect a reality. We can neither dismiss nor forget them. They are almost all well written in the rhetoric of vituperation for which Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* set the tone, and of which he is still the prime master.

The psychological condition of which the new plays are oblique signs has a social cause of great significance.

Because Britain is freer than it has ever been, its people more alert, they shake the old Establishment without seeming to move ahead to anything wholly fresh and liberating. We witness this in the virtual impasse of their politics. The conservative stagnates, the Left feels stymied. Though there surely have been "improvements" since the war, the progress made does not appear to have altered matters enough to act as an inspiring force. There is little mass enthusiasm except for "Beatles," the escape into infantilism. How then can there be any animating purpose? Where action is not sustained by confidence in concrete social consequence the individual, unless he be a true artist, a revolutionary or a saint, lapses into depression, lethargy, cynicism, psychosis or crime. Sex becomes a substitute for the release sought, but sex by itself cannot satisfy the greater hunger or carry the burden of humanity's broader needs. Hence the sadistic sentiments it induces.

The plays themselves do not sufficiently project an awareness of this cause and are thus more symptomatic than interpretive. They strike me as being, for all their hooting and growling, fundamentally complacent. There is little sign that their authors would like to change anything or harbor some notion as to the course through which a change might take place. They appear pleased to enjoy the fruits of their displeasure—personal acclaim with the additional advantage of being definitely "in."

One of the clues to the poverty of these plays is their peculiar length. Once stated, a primary situation is repeated again and again. Nothing specific develops. The often coruscating talk is prolonged from one jibe to another, as if to illustrate the art of insult and making customers. Two plays employ soliloquies, stream-of-consciousness verbiage, semi-fantasy, and in one case the denuding of the central character. Typical too is the use of various women as foils upon which the central male personage may play off his moral disarray and hate. The characters are not made more understandable or sympathetic as the action proceeds; they diminish with verbal extension. They are neither pathetic nor tragic: they are, at best, wretched with jokes which to the audience's delight are frequently obscene.

In David Mercer's *Ride a Cock Horse*, a one-shot novelist out of the coal pits of the North, a man who manages to render his wife and two mistresses thoroughly miserable, speaks of himself as "harassed by insight but incapable of meaningful action." Insights there may be but not the kind which lead to new paths. That is why they harass.

What is missing in so many of the new plays is the substance of experience. Beckett's shudder is aesthetically admirable in its concise passion. Pinter's *The Homecoming* is a collage abstracted from real elements pithily picturing a society indifferent to or ignorant of any values. Osborne forages in ever new areas but always returns with the same bag of disaffection. John Arden, none of whose new plays were on during my visit, has greater scope and feeling but is not always master of his material. But generally speaking I find that too many of the new plays, as so much else in contemporary expression, eliminate the world itself, the vessels, bones and structure, even the geography of daily life, so that we find ourselves on a constant excursion in the air, winging over everything without being permitted to land and *see* anything.

My recent theatregoing in London produced the effect—no doubt exaggerated by its intensity—of making me grateful for the romantic rattle and youthful splash of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which I had just seen in Paris. Rostand wrote in that play, as in most of his others, an exuberant dramatization or glorification of inadequacy. If we are to suffer defeat, let us at least do so with a suggestion of splendor. And though I don't find Pirandello especially profound in *Tonight We Improvise*, which I also saw in Paris, he at least offers us the excitement of his game.

Let me add by way of exemplary paradox that my London theatregoing converted me to Socialist Realism! I have never seen a play in this style that I thought really good, but what is suggested by that dismal epithet is something to which I declare myself partial. It is the encompassing of the phenomena of existence informed by a positive ideal, an affirmation of some activating conviction in the face of enduring hardship of life. All the rest is smirking, hissing or puling surrender.

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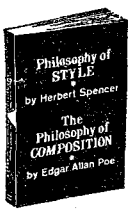

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MAHAGONNY

And appetite, an universal wolf, . . .
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

Thus Shakespeare's Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida.* But Ulysses was speaking conditionally, about what would happen *if.* According to Bertolt Brecht, the process was already far advanced in the bourgeois society of Europe in the 1920s, and he dramatized its workings in a very odd opera that he wrote with Kurt Weill, entitled *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny.* Thirty-five years after its first production in Leipzig, *Mahagonny* has finally been given its North American première in Stratford, Ontario, in English, as an offering of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. By now it is a Weimar Republic period piece; but it is also as contemporary, as timeless, as a piece of Dead Sea fruit.

Brecht's Mahagonny is a mythical town on the coast of a mythical Florida, a shabby Never-Never-Land for grownups. The opera's story concerns a good-hearted lumberjack named Jim Mahoney, who turns up in Mahagonny with three of his buddies, looking for fun. But one lumberjack dies of gluttony, another in a crooked prize fight; Jim is betrayed by his remaining friend and by his girl Jenny, and he dies in the electric chair, guilty of Mahagonny's one capital crime: being without money.

As usual, Brecht is not particularly interested in his plot, nor yet in his characters. In this case they are merely the means of evoking Mahagonny itself, a multi-faceted metaphor for a civilization without solidarity or legitimate purpose, where the only rule is *sauve qui peut:*

And if someone should kick, well, that's me, Sir,
And if someone gets kicked it will be you.

Mahagonny is devoted to idleness ("Every week here will be seven days free from labor") and freedom ("Whatever you may want to do, There's nothing would prohibit you"). But in Mahagonny total freedom means total indulgence, an absolute abandonment to personal gratification: eating, fornicating, prize fighting and drinking.

As Brecht portrays it, the life of pleasure lacks even the superficial appeal conventionally ascribed to it. From the first it is tawdry, and gradually it becomes grim. When God condemns everybody in Mahagonny to Hell, He is told that they are in Hell already. Here Brecht is echoing Shaw, who in *Man and Superman* defined Hell as "a place where you have nothing to do but amuse yourself." But in *Man and Superman* this idea remains one among many ideas, whereas in *Mahagonny* "amusing yourself"— the life of appetite — is the subject of the work.

According to Shakespeare's Ulysses, appetite is unleashed by the abolition of "degree," of the system of power and subordination by which the world is ruled and anarchy prevented. Brecht does not consider the cause, nor does he propose a cure. At the end, the characters sing, "We can neither help ourselves nor you now," and walk off-stage. *Mahagonny* is purely and simply the image of Brecht's despair.

As such, it might tend to seem somewhat repetitious, somewhat heavy-handed, especially in comparison with *The Threepenny Opera,* the other well-known Brecht-Weill collaboration. In *Threepenny,* Brecht is working with borrowed material, and the plot and characters are more than merely functional. *Threepenny,* moreover, is very funny in its sardonic way; *Mahagonny,* although bristling with ironies, provides very little to laugh at.

The variety and humanity that *Mahagonny* requires is provided by Kurt Weill's music. Much of it is merely atmospheric, harsh and relentless, underscoring, building up tension, keeping our nerves raw. But when Jim and Jenny sing their tender duet in the second act, a recurring theme in the orchestra suggests that perhaps love is possible even in Mahagonny. Brecht made his characters as vehicles for his own emotion; Weill's music, now and then, gives the characters emotions of their own.

It is an odd sort of music; it reminded me of those "assemblages" which are put together out of assorted junk and fragments of anything that appeals to the artist. And yet, for all his eclecticism, Weill in his Brecht period had a pungent, poignant, highly personal style.

Mahagonny is musically more ambitious than *The Threepenny Opera.* There is far more music in it; only an occasional line of dialogue is spoken unaccompanied. Much of this music, moreover, requires legitimate voices, which the *Threepenny* music mostly does not. The *Mahagonny* music is somehow denser than that of *Threepenny,* and harder to take in. The best tunes in the one are as good as the best tunes in the other; but in *Mahagonny* there are fewer of them.

In a bad production, *Mahagonny* could be a bore. At Stratford, Jean Gascon, the director, has brilliantly capitalized on the opportunities it of-

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fers. In collaboration with designer Brian Jackson and choreographer Alan Lund, he has bodied forth Brecht's vision in a series of harsh, cogent, vivid images and actions. In the song about God's visit to Mahagonny, for instance, God stalks around on stilts, with an obviously fake beard and a pot for a hat, persecuted by a hideous green follow spot. It is the very image of the modern dead God: pompous, impotent and patently phony.

The performances are brash and broad, but never strident, never out of control. (Muriel Greenspon, a fat mezzo-soprano from the New York City Center, plays one of the founders of Mahagonny with tremendous aplomb; Jean Bonhomme and Yoland Guérard are her colleagues; Thomas O'Leary, a tenor, is Jim, and Martha Schlamme is Jenny.) All the characters spend much of their time speaking for the author directly to the audience, and the performers seem as urgently involved with the author's emotions as with the emotions of their characters. Whether this has anything to do with the famous "alienation effect" I should hate to have to say; but it is an essential factor in the impact of this production.

I wish I had the space to praise this year's Shakespearean offerings at Stratford: *Julius Caesar* (directed by Douglas Campbell) and particularly *Henry IV* (both parts; directed by Stuart Burge; with Douglas Rain as a tough-minded Hal, Tony Van Bridge as a charming—sometimes too charming—Falstaff, Leo Ciceri as an imposing King Henry, and William Hutt as a hilarious caricature of Justice Shallow). But the great event at Stratford this year is *Mahagonny*. It would be a pity if such a production should be allowed to die as scheduled. Is there no way of sending it south of the border, for the edification of us provincials in the United States?

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE IPCRESS FILE

After two World Wars and the liquidation of an empire, espionage no longer serves the British as a subject for popular romance. Like the cowboy with us, the secret agent has become for the British a figure so remote from plausible experience that the common reader can no longer invent Mitty dreams from him. The last wine is now being pressed from this vintage by force of distortion and the taste is wry and disconcerting. A way of measuring how far these late works are "off" is to imagine the embarrassed disapproval a John Buchan hero would feel in the company of James Bond or the spy who came in from the cold. Even leaving aside their personal habits and lack of patriotism, these newcomers have made a trade of danger; the great game is played no more.

Now comes *The Ipcress File*, a thriller admirably plotted and crackling with violence, but flaunting the absurdity of its subject matter. The agent on the spot is a horn-rimmed hoodlum with affectations for *haut cuisine* and chamber music and a rat's instinct for survival; his home-office bosses are waspish aunties in bowler hats and Savile Row suits; the master mind working for Albania is an aristocratic sadist whose psychological torture chamber is copied from the apparatus that surrounds Francis Bacon's screaming cardinal. The language of the film is effete mockery, and Sidney Furie, the director, has filmed it in a high style intended to emphasize its paper-thin theatricality. Mr. Furie's mannered camera work has the pseudo-elegance of fashion photography.

The Ipcress File makes wit of style and accomplishes the tricky feat of coining excitement from the very material it is lampooning. But of the old innocent verities—the queen, the flag, the purity of England's young manhood—on which the spy thriller was built into an export product as reliable as Scotch whisky, it has not a trace.

DARLING

Another British movie whose action seems to revolve around a vacuum is *Darling*, directed by John Schlesinger and starring Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey. Miss Christie's Dianna Scott, the darling of the title, looks at first like a familiar type: the woman of small talent, no scruples and a compulsive ambition, who will climb to eminence over the wrecked lives of those who trust her candid femininity. But as the film progresses one comes to realize that she has no direction, is incapable of sustaining a scheme, suffers from chronic boredom induced by inability to grasp any idea, and samples life with the petulence of a nervous invalid making her way through a box of chocolates.

As clinical sociology, this character may have merit (and Miss Christie plays it well), but dramatically it is without savor. The Scott woman does considerable damage, but she is bad for people as dry rot is bad for buildings—without volition or profit to herself. It struck me early in the film that she was an appalling bore and then the puzzle was to determine why Bogarde, playing an Ed Murrow type of B.B.C. interviewer, should think otherwise. The picture's psychology never cuts deep enough to encounter that sort of paradox, and the viewer is forced to satisfy himself with the crumbs of incidental satire with which the work is liberally sprinkled. These poke fun at basic institutions, folk wisdom, the pomposity of old age, the gaiety of youth, the glamour of gossip-column society, the sweet boyishness of homosexuality. The thrusts are deft but the targets are almost as modish as the kind of modishness the picture professes to scorn. The dialogue is often so arch that it seems to become embarrassed by its own cuteness. In world affairs the devil theory persists, but on the personal level we seem to have lost our belief in even common wickedness. Without it, drama is becoming one of the decorative arts.

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